

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.
43 TO 63 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 12.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including Postage):PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....\$3.00

Vol. 33.....No. 11,407

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

OFFICE: 43 TO 63 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.
WORLD OFFICE: 1267 BROADWAY,
between 11th and 12th sts., New York.
WORLD TABLET OFFICE: 1230 N. ST. AND
MADISON AVE.
BROOKLYN: 303 WASHINGTON ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.: LEADER BUILDING, 112
SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON: 610 14TH ST.

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or non-return of any rejected manuscript or picture of whatever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or enclosures. No will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unaccepted manuscripts.

THE WORLD'S FIGURES
FOR OCTOBER, 1892, AS

COMPARED WITH THE REC-

ORD FOR THE SAME MONTH

IN 1891 SHOW THE FOLLOW-

ING GAINS:

2,073,782
in WORLDS Printed.66,896
in Daily Average of
WORLDS Printed.9,254
in the Number of Ad-
vertisements Printed.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The cause of Tariff Reform was evidently fitted out with pneumatic tires.

Republican soothsayers should have foreseen it. There are six comets visible in the sky.

Oscar Wilde is to bring out a drama called "A Woman of No Importance." Perhaps the play will be much like her.

Every day past is one nearer Christmas. Every penny given is one nearer a glorious Christmas Tree Fund for the poor children.

Commissioner Gilroy's vacation trip is well earned. May the traveler return fresh, hale and hearty to take up his new title of Mayor.

DAVENPORT is indignant over a report that he has resigned. It will be much more satisfactory to the people, anyway, to see him kicked out.

How is it possible that one tin-plate factory resumes, and another enlarges its plant in Indiana, in the face of the victory of the enemies of Harrison tin?

Senator MORRIS thinks protection had perhaps got to its limit. A popular impression seems to have prevailed that it had raised the limit several times.

Herr Most is a trifle reckless again with his "Hoch die Auarchie!" A little less explosiveness will become him better and give the police more confidence in him.

Isn't it a little singular the unanimity with which the President and the Governors in their Thanksgiving proclamations have avoided all reference to football?

Although the election is over the time seems to be ripe and an opportunity for a joint debate between Messrs. Bryan and Drawn on "The Causes of the Land-slide."

That North and South America railroad, which once seemed so visionary, is getting along very well now, thanks to its energy and public spirit of President Diaz, of Mexico.

There is a refreshing degree of confidence exhibited by the Indiana man who has married a woman just pardoned from the prison where she was serving a term for killing her first husband.

Health authorities at Para would not permit a schooner from this port to unload her cargo, owing to the fear of cholera. Wonder if they know down there that GEORGE WASHINGTON is dead.

The figures of the election are the verdict of a jury of the whole people. It is not unwise to speak of it as an "error," or to assert in any way that the people who voted on Tuesday did not know what they were doing.

A "combination of leading pork packers" in Chicago is of course not a trust. Chicago would not think of anything of the kind. It is a philanthropic attempt to reduce the price of bacon in the interests of the consumer.

A Chicago woman saw a man under her bed, and instead of screaming or fainting she calmly locked the door and ran to an adjacent store, where she sent for a patrol

wagon and had the intruder arrested. She deserves a prominent position as one of the World's Fair exhibitors.

AN EVIL OF GOOD FORTUNE

How much of evil may sometimes come from a little of what the world generally may consider a man's good fortune, is revealed in the case of Jacob Stomps, alias Harry Lawrence, who now figures as the chief prisoner in the City Reformatory. Until a few months ago Mr. Stomps, a confidential bookkeeper for a New York firm, appears to have been an exemplary young husband, father and citizen. He lived comfortably on his salary, and his business and his family divided most of his attention. But an old uncle died, leaving him a considerable legacy, and with the acquisition of the money came the transformation of the man.

Frequent visits to New York followed the turn of fortune, and it was in fact company that Stomps spent his time in the city. Presently he was living a double life—that of the reputable Stomps at New York, that of the gay "Harry Lawrence" in New York. And while still at that period when his manhood should be brightest and best he faces a charge which brings into looming prominence the shadow of the penitentiary.

A little wealth was a dangerous thing for Stomps. But even stronger moral balances than his have been turned by a too sudden prosperity.

THE FAIR WILL OPEN SUNDAY

At Chicago, yesterday the World's Fair Directors, with only four dissenting votes, adopted the following:

It is our judgment that the Exposition should be open on Sunday under such rules and regulations as will prohibit the use of machinery, unnecessary musical instruments and amusements. At the same time, give opportunity for the study of the highest standard of artistic and mechanical science, that the art gallery, the horticultural building and all other buildings in which exhibits of mechanical art are exhibited should be thrown open to the public on each and every day during the entire time of the Exposition, so that each man, woman and child may have one day of each week for rest, study or recreation.

This judgment of the directors is in exact accord with the wide-awake, just and sensible spirit of to-day. The four votes in the minority represent the departing spirits of bigotry and puritanical excess. There was only this one way for the dispute eventually to end.

A MOST HONORABLE POVERTY

In a Pennsylvania court yesterday the widow of the late Congressman SAMUEL J. RAYNOLD was obliged to personally explain that her accounting of her husband's estate had been delayed because positively nothing was left to pay the costs of such accounting. The incident was a pathetic one, in a way. But it brings out again a tribute to the sterling honesty of the man whose widow spoke.

In these days, when every tongue wags with stories of money-making in public office, it is worth while to point to every such shining exception to the rule of mercenary interest as is presented in the case of the dead Democratic statesman of the Keystone State. The poverty of SAMUEL J. RAYNOLD, revealed after his death, placed the final stamp and seal upon the simple greatness and integrity of the man, of which his acts and words while living had been the letters-patent.

EXCITEMENT FOR PHILADELPHIA. Philadelphia seems to be waking up. It is getting a little on to the signs moon anything. One of its young citizens, an eleven-year-old, is in this city with a cat rifle and a bean-shooter looking for Indians to slay. Incidentally he is willing to kill bear or mountain lions or peewees if they happen to come his way.

The town must be getting in its work in Philadelphia when its rising generation bursts the fetters of romanticism in this style and seeks active employment as a blood-hound and a relentless avenger of the wrongs suffered by the police at the hands of the redmen. How the Rip Van Winkles of Nirvanaville will rub their eyes and yawn themselves back to semi-consciousness when the news of this lad's enterprise and wakefulness reaches them! Perhaps Independence Hall's bell will ring out again and summon all the citizens from their beds to startle them with the story.

It is a pity that we have no Indians here, except such as are on duty in front of cigar stores for this Philadelphia boy to train his cat rifle on and send to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The nearest approach to an Indian that the city boasts is that chunk of aboriginal art in Printing House Square known as the Franklin Statue. The boy can shoot at this as much as he pleases if he will only promise to let the peaceable and picturesque cigar-store savages alone.

The strike in New Orleans bloomed a day or two and then faded, all in the midst of the political excitement, before people had time to realize that it was really one of the most remarkable labor movements of the age. It was a combined effort of all trades, and at one time promised to succeed by its city-paralyzing force.

An unpleasant reminder, but a much-needed warning, is conveyed in the statement of Consul WILLIAMS, of Havre, that the germ of cholera still lingers in Europe and threatens an invasion of this country next Spring. After our last September's experience, forewarned ought to be forearmed.

Further prosecution of Rev. Tom Dixon, sportsman, has been ordered under the State law. It may bring the clergyman's penalties for his robin shooting up to \$500. Next time Mr. Dixon will arrange that his shots will not bring down his hawk account in addition to other game.

Gen. P. A. COLLINS, of Massachusetts, has the honor of being the first man called to the next Cabinet. The honor is not all lessened by the fact that the call comes only from a very general expression of public opinion.

Enough freight in sight in the West to keep every railroad car in the country at work for twelve months to come. The era of good feeling in politics will undoubtedly be introduced by an era of prosperity in business.

"THE COUNCILLOR'S WIFE."

An exceedingly pretty and entertaining comedy drama called "The Councillor's Wife," was acted for the first time in the Madison Square Theatre. It was from the pen of Jerome K. Jerome, a breezy and delightful English writer, and Ellen Thompson, and when it is produced later in this city for a run I should recommend all those who enjoy pure comedy to see it. It sparkles with wit, and it tells a bright and amusing story. The few necessary conventionalities of the play are judiciously laughed at himself. The young hero who would not marry the girl he loved because he was penniless and she was rich, has been given by the author before the audience gets a chance to laugh at him.

We can give the money to the Salvation Army," says sweet little Primrose, and she begs him not to give her up because she is unfortunately rich.

This scene is delicious in its satire and humor, and there are a good many others just like it. The motive of the comedy is the undoing of hypocrisy. Ben Dixon, who is a member of the London County Council and a member of the London County Council, is a veritable philanthropist, turns out to be a selfish and avaricious man. It is he who ruins the hero and heroine by appropriating their money. It is he who deserves one wife and a bigamously married another, and it is he who does all this under the guise of duty and beneficence. This character is very much like the Joseph Chandler in "The Middleman," and several other stage hypocrites. Yet he is amusing, and, while resembling them all, differs from them in some way or other.

The other characters in the play are all cleverly drawn and distinctly good—the young medical student, who fails to pass his examination; the unselfish sister who is willing to marry a nice old man for her brother's sake; the nice old man himself, who is not so very good as he seems to be; the young man who is a member of the London County Council, who is a veritable philanthropist, turns out to be a selfish and avaricious man. It is he who ruins the hero and heroine by appropriating their money. It is he who deserves one wife and a bigamously married another, and it is he who does all this under the guise of duty and beneficence. This character is very much like the Joseph Chandler in "The Middleman," and several other stage hypocrites. Yet he is amusing, and, while resembling them all, differs from them in some way or other.

The cast was a very good one. James O. Harrow as Ben Dixon was wonderfully humorous and lost no opportunity to accentuate the funny traits of a really repulsive part. Miss Sydney Armstrong, as the self-sacrificing sister, did good work, but began as she always does—with the silent agony business before this was necessary. The great mistake made by many emotional actresses is in foregrounding the misery that comes with the evolution of the play. They decline to smile, because they know that later they must weep. And don't they love to weep!

Orin Johnson, a clever and picturesque young actor, played a small part most creditably. William Morris was not as stagey as he usually is, but you knew he was the hero when he began. As he always does—wearing a white shirt, a white waistcoat, and a white tie. He was charming. She is the English equivalent of dear little Jane Stuart. It is difficult to say which is the more desirable of the two. Miss Odette Tyler did justice to a very difficult role, and Mrs. Kate DeWitt Wilson, as a weeping old woman who always tries to be cheerful, was admirable. Frazer is also due to Cyril Scott and W. H. Crompton.

ALAN DALL.

WORLDS.

A sewing-machine for use on cotton belting that has been constructed at Leeds, England, weighs five and a quarter tons and is probably the giant of all sewing machines.

Pastor has always been deeply absorbed in his work, and his wedding day, so the report goes, he was found in his laboratory, forgetful of bride and wedding feast, at the time set for the ceremony.

It is said that black eyes are found usually in people of good physical strength, while blue eyes indicate a certain degree of weakness.

The great Bank of Venice, which opened its doors in 1192, continued to do business for 600 years.

It has been discovered that drafts, bills of exchange and promissory notes were in use among the ancient Babylonians.

VACANT VERSES.

The Tragedy of a Cyclist.
It was an ardent wheelman who wheeled so fast.
His feet were quick and his hands were bold.
And still he kept on going in the glooming night.
The excitement growing in ratio with his speed.
His pneumatic tire pined under its wind was torn.
His headless steed shivered, his brake-brake broke and crossed.
But yet he hurried onward, his "century" to win.
Till, in a hurry to animals a bold road took him in.
—Chicago News Record.Different Causes—Same Result.
"I love that which the world exclaims round."
These words we often hear.
But yet he hurried onward, his "century" to win.
Till, in a hurry to animals a bold road took him in.
—Chicago News Record.

HERE is the secret of its unparalleled success.

Hornby's Oatmeal

Matchless quality. Without a rival and without a peer.

A Republican Chips in.

The Baby Ruth Tree is a good thing. I didn't vote for Cleveland, but I have a baby of my own, and I like the idea of giving the baby a chance, particularly the first little baby in the land, Baby Ruth Cleveland. I incline to vote for the Baby Ruth Tree.

Success to the Charity.

Here is 75 cents for the Baby Ruth Tree. Success to the glorious Christmas charity.
—Mrs. B. K.

Half for Baby Ruth.

Included 50 cents, 10 for the Baby Ruth Tree. Hurrah for Cleveland!
—JOHNIE GRAY.
—EMMA GRAY.

Three Last Year Friends.

I incline to vote for the Baby Ruth Tree.

SANTA CLAUS'S DAY.

It Will Again Bring Joy to the Poor Children.

"The Evening World's" Christmas Tree Fund Begins Well.

Florence Goodfellow Makes the First Collection.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

The Evening World's Christmas Tree Fund has begun well. The first collection, made by Florence Goodfellow, was \$100.00. The following are the names of the subscribers:

Christmas Trees from my three children. They were among the first to contribute last year. They are Alice, twelve; Fannie, nine, and Mary, seven.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CLEANER.

The press bureau was an important feature in this campaign. This department of the Democratic National Committee was in charge of Col. John Tracy, an old and experienced newspaper man, who, through his able management, made the press bureau a mighty factor in the victory achieved.

Young Richard Croker, Jr., is an enthusiast on the subject of horse-drawn, and spends most of his time at his father's stock farm at Rye, N. Y. When in town he drives some of the most stylish turnouts seen on the road.

Among the younger members of the legal fraternity who are coming to the front in the field of criminal practice is Fred A. Ware. Mr. Ware is a prominent member of the "Sons of Veterans" and is a well known and successful lawyer.

P. P. Q. has sent me this query, which is respectfully referred to the Police Board: "Is there a law against having horses in the streets? If so, why is it not enforced?"

Children daily run terrible risks from this danger, especially little girls. How often we read about the little ones being thus burned to death!

If there is no law against it, there should be one, and it should be rigidly enforced.

How a Girl Talks to a Horse Dealer. She was an independent sort of a girl, recently in possession of quite a fortune, and she concluded a horse was necessary in her new establishment, says an exchange, so she sent for a dealer and had a talk with him.

What she didn't know about horses would fill a library, but she tried to make the dealer believe she was a judge and told him to bring her something to look at. The dealer came and she went out to meet him. He walked all about the animal, critically, as professionals do.

"Is he well trained?" she inquired with the air of a jockey.

"Certainly, miss," replied the dealer. "She has galloped him in harness."

"I'm sure," said the girl, "is she all right in the boots?"

"Yes, miss," gasped the dealer, "but you see I've only got shoes on her fore feet."

He said that because, really, he didn't know what else to say.

The girl laughed and said: "I noticed that, but you couldn't very well have them on her five feet, could you?" she giggled.

"I mean, miss," stammered the dealer, "that she is shod only on the fore feet."

"I understand," she said, seriously, "but that is a cruel and without any difficulty, can't it?"

"Very easily, indeed, miss," assented the dealer, with a great sense of relief.

"She seems to be all right in the fore shoulders, but her hind shoulders don't seem to be quite right," suggested the girl.

"There's nothing the matter with her there," asserted the dealer. "She is perfectly sound."

"There's no danger of her withers being sprained, is there?" she inquired carefully.

"I've seen horses like that, and they always make nervous."

"So danger in the world, miss," the dealer assured her.

"How old is she?" inquired the girl.

By this time the dealer knew his man and was confident.

"Inquiring a year, miss," he smiled, "I'd rather not tell her age."

"How considerate of you," she said earnestly. "I'll take her," and the dealer sent in a bill for \$250, representing a net profit to him of \$100.

The Bet Was Won.

He was a professional gambler, says the Detroit Free Press. He had two dice-boxes and two clay marbles. He called the boys around him and proceeded to manipulate his little with cunning, flowing robes.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'm no worker of miracles. I can't lead the sick and raise the dead, but I'll put this marble under the cup and bet you a twenty if it ain't there, or I'll bet you a twenty if it's under the other cup. Come, what'll you say?"

The boys followed. Then a dandy dressed confederate of the gambler elbowed his way to the front.

"I'll bet she's there," he said, and laid down his money.

HOUSE AND HOME

A Happy Couple.

The happiest couple I ever knew, says a writer for the Detroit Free Press, were a man and his wife, who lived in two or three tiny rooms in a block and with limited means enjoyed all the comforts of home. The man had a profession, but it was a very lowly one; he clipped the ears and tails of dogs for a living and sold illustrated books on dogs and their food. His home was the nearest thing I ever saw to his wife was a pretty woman, wholesome and cleanly, with a principle showing in all her actions.

She did her own work and her cooking was something to remember. It was no trouble to her to prepare a meal. She would bed in the house once a week. As if every article should not be taken off and aired and the mattress turned over every day in the week. Nothing less than this is wholesome and nothing else will insure sweet, healthy, giving sleep.

In her morning she each sheet and blanket from the bed separately and hang over chairs so that the wind will blow through them. She shook up the pillows and the bolster and placed them in the air and turn up the mattress so that the air will circulate about them. Air the room and bedding for at least an hour. She emphasizes that all the belongings of the bed should be placed smoothly and in such a way that it will pre-

Fresh from Paris.

1. Homespun dress with short jacket. Contrasting cloth waistcoat. Collar, jabot and cuffs of plaid linen batiste.

2. Dress of mother-of-pearl moire with low blouse. Gauze waist, collar and sleeve-trim. Velvet puff sleeves and waist.

3. Striped mousseline-de-sine dress. Skirt with edge trimming. Blouse bodice gathered over elastic. Plaited yoke and cuffs.

4. Silk dress trimmed with passementerie. Bodice trimmed with three-cornered lace.

take three tomatoes and a handful of cracked corn and give him a dish of encased tomatoes of which a caterer might have been proud. They had birds and books and love, and life always seemed like a holiday to them. They enjoyed it like children and each was perfectly happy with the other. I like to think of them often and hope that luxury and selfishness have not driven them apart or made life other than the beautiful thing it was when I first knew them. They are among the fortunate few that have no artificial wants.

Small potatoes not suitable to cook with larger ones can be laid aside and used for salads. Boil them and while warm slice thin and serve with a cream dressing, made as follows: One teaspoon each of sugar and salt, one-fourth teaspoon each of dry mustard and black pepper. Mix and add gradually one-half cup of sweet cream and two-thirds of a cup of vinegar.

That Bifurcated Nether Garment.

"The bifurcated nether garment," which is ignorantly supposed to be specially distinctive of the masculine toilet, belongs by right to our own sex. Archaeological research has proved that the women of Judah were the first wearers of the nether garment in a bifurcated form, and that man, the tyrant, on perceiving the convenience and comfort of this article of dress evolved by the superior intelligence of woman, did, with his usual arrogance and selfishness, insist upon appropriating the same to his own use and domineering him womankind to encumber their limbs with clinking, flowing robes.

"Which reader it impossible for us to cope with man in the useful and common avocations." It is satisfactory to have man's meanness and cunning thus shown up, and in the good time coming we shall doubtless insist upon resuming the "bifurcated nether garment."

A Pretty screen can be made by putting together spoons of different sizes in the design shown in this picture. Strong wire or wooden sticks are used as foundation, and the spoons are merely threaded upon one or the other. Wooden balls fasten off the top, and the feet are strengthened by half reels cut through the middle, which look like a socket. A little, triangular board is used to join the three legs in the feet of the screen, and the upper part is from a piece of wood. The complete stand is then bronzed and ready for the inner part to be laced on.

Anent the Inkstand.

Throw bits of nails or small pieces of unburned wood into the inkstand. The corrosive action of any acid contained in the ink will expend itself on the iron and not on the pen. After a steel pen has been used for a time in plain ink a rusty substance is formed. This is prevented by the presence of iron in the ink.

Mrs. Thomas Hardy's Suggestions.

Thomas Hardy, in speaking of the history of "Teas of the D'Urbervilles," admits Mrs. Hardy's share in the making of the novel, through suggestions of situations and study of the quaint people of Dorsetshire, where the plot is laid. The family selected by Mr. Hardy from among the many houses of decayed gentry but ancient lineage common to that region trace their line back to the conquest through Woolbridge manor house, once one of their country seats and now but a farm-house. It is easy to divine that it was Mrs. Hardy who suggested the trying on of the jewels by Tess. It was she, too, who heard a neighbor boasting that a certain vault was full of the "skelingtons" of his family.

Chicken Salad.

Cut the meat of one boiled chicken in dice, and mix with the same quantity of chopped celery. Just before serving pour over it the following dressing: Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs through a sieve and mix a tablespoon of salad oil. Add a tablespoon each of salt and dry mustard and three tablespoons of vinegar.

Diet for the Nervous.

Eat freely of all nutritious, easily digested foods, but more important than food in such cases is good brain work; physical labor will also be of advantage. Interest yourself in the work of the day, and you will entirely forget yourself, and in a few months you will be surprised to find yourself entirely free from nervousness. While in such a disease the stomach is weak and must not be overtaxed, there is no strict time of diet to be followed: eat small, well-cooked cereals, vegetables, as little bread and butter as possible, and other food articles: sweets are bad at all times and are particularly so if you have nervous indigestion, but one can always find at the ordinary family table food to fit this disease. Work is of greater importance.

Roast Turkey Stuffed with Truffles.

For this procure a fresh young hen turkey. Draw and singe the same as you would a chicken. Cut one pound of ham into dice, stand over a moderate fire the sautépan; when hot add two pounds of truffles, quarter of a nutmeg, grated, a quarter teaspoonful of white pepper and a bay leaf; stir over the fire for fifteen minutes and stand away to cool. When cold put two tablespoonsful of

Red-Making.

In a recent article by Maria Parloa there are some suggestions in regard to beds that must appeal to every thoughtful housekeeper. The custom of spreading up beds is so common as to be almost universal. Said a woman who sets herself up as an experienced housekeeper: "I always take everything off every

the mixture into the space from which the crew was taken, put the remainder into the body of the turkey and sew it up. Truss and hang it up in a cool dry place for about five days in winter; in warmer weather two days. Roast as directed in preceding recipe and serve with truffle sauce. A turkey is delicious stuffed with mushrooms in the same way.